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# P O E M S

FROM

## HORACE, CATULLUS AND SAPPHO

AND OTHER PIECES

BY

EDWARD GEORGE HARMAN



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*DEDICATED*

*TO*

*THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER*

*[A few of these verses have appeared  
in the “Westminster Gazette,” and  
are reprinted by kind permission of  
the proprietors.]*

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HORACE

A

## CARM. I. v.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa  
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus  
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?  
 Cui flavam religas comam  
 Simplex munditiis? Heu quoties fidem  
 Mutatosque deos flebit et aspera  
 Nigris aequora ventis  
 Emirabitur insolens;  
 Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,  
 Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem  
 Sperat nescius aurae  
 Fallacis. Miseri quibus  
 Intentata nites! Me tabula sacer  
 Votiva paries indicat uvida  
 Suspendisse potenti  
 Vestimenta maris deo.

## PYRRHA.

WHAT slender youth, on scattered roses lying,  
Woos thee, fair Pyrrha, in some cool sequestered  
place?

For whom bind'st thou thy yellow hair  
With artless grace?

Ah, hapless boy ! how soon, how soon to tears  
Will his young golden dream be turned, when clouds  
arise  
On that bright sea, and changèd gods  
Avert their eyes !

Who now has all thy love, nor dreams that thou  
Could'st change, could'st ever cease to love him, or  
the day  
Could come when love and faith would fail—  
Ah, wretched they,

For whom thy beauty shines ! My dripping weeds,  
Hung on great Neptune's votive wall, proclaim for me  
To all, how I erewhile escaped  
That cruel sea.

## CARM. I. VII.

AD MUNATIUM PLANCUM.

LAUDABUNT alii claram Rhodon aut Mityleuen  
Aut Epheson bimarisve Corinthi  
Moenia vel Baccho Thebas vel Apolline Delphos  
Insignes aut Thessala Tempe.  
Sunt quibus unum opus est intactae Palladis urbem  
Carmine perpetuo celebrare et  
Undique decerptani fronti praeponere olivam.  
Plurimus in Junonis honoreni<sup>m</sup>  
Aptum dicet eqnis Argos ditesque Mycenas.  
Me nec tam patiens Lacedaemon  
Nec tam Larissae percussit campus opimae,  
Quam domus Albuneae resonantis  
Et praeceps Anio ac Tiburni lucus et uda  
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.  
Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila caelo  
Saepe Notus neque parturit imbres

## THE PRAISE OF ITALY.

SOME men may praise the isles of Greece,  
Or Corinth set between her seas,  
Or tune a lyre to celebrate  
The storied shrines of deities,  
Hallowed by bards of old renown  
Through hamlet, citadel, and town.

The Delphic floor, the wondrous fane  
Of Ephesus may fire the tongue,  
While some there be would still renew  
The cycle of immortal song,  
That hovers round that city bright,  
Which Pallas guards for her delight.

Others in Juno's praise would sing  
The plains of Argos, nurse of steeds,  
Mycenæ's wealth of ancient fame,  
The iron race that Sparta breeds,  
Larissa, Thebes, and many more,  
Which elder bards have sung before.

High themes; but I, who dwell beside  
The plunging Anio, noting these,  
Find sweeter to Italian ears  
Its music sounding through the trees  
Of Tibur's grove, whose sacred bough  
Keeps green a garland for my brow.

Here dwells the awful Sibyl, here  
Broad shades and pleasant greens abound,  
Here, led by patient husbandry,  
A thousand rills refresh the ground,  
Where on the orchard's sunlit floor  
Pomona sheds her bounteous store.

Perpetuo, sic tu sapiens finire memento  
Tristitiam vitaeque labores  
Molli, Plance, mero, seu te fulgentia signis  
Castra tenent seu densa tenebit  
Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque  
Cum fugeret tamen uda Lyaeo  
Tempora populea fertur viuxisse corona,  
Sic tristes affatus amicos :  
Quo nos cunque feret melior fortuna parente  
Ibimus, o socii comitesque.  
Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro ;  
Certus enim promisit Apollo  
Ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram.  
O fortis pejoraque passi  
Mecum saepe viri, nunc vino pellite curas ;  
Cras ingens iterabimus aequor.

And here, old friend, beneath the shade  
Of thy loved woods, 'twere sweet to lie,  
And, lulled by cups of fragrant wine,  
To bid dull care and sorrow fly,  
Nor count those hours as idly spent  
Which heaven for ease from toil has sent.

All things have ease, the southern gale  
Comes oft without its load of storm,  
And clears the heavens ; so wine the mind,  
Here, or where'er our legions form  
The glittering ranks of serried war,  
Which keep thee from thy home afar.

When, by a parent's stern decree,  
Bold Teucer left his island home,  
Though doomed from his loved Salamis  
In bitter banishment to roam,  
He wreathed his brow, wine-drenched with dew,  
And thus addressed his sorrowing crew :

"Grieve not, my friends, the world is wide,  
And we will go where fortune calls,  
Brave hearts who follow Tencer's star  
Know no despair, whate'er befalls ;  
There lies a land across the main,  
Where Salamis shall rise again.

Such is Apollo's promised word,  
His oracle which cannot fail ;  
A fate more kind than parent's law  
Shall speed at last our spreading sail ;  
Then banish care, and drink with me,  
To-morrow we will roam the sea."

## CARM. I. ix.

## AD THALLIARCHUM.

VIDES ut alta stet nive candidum  
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus  
Silvae laborantes geluque  
Flumina constiterint acuto.  
  
Dissolve frigus ligna super foco  
Large reponens, atque benignius  
Deprome quadrimum Sabina,  
O Thaliarche, merum diota.  
  
Permitte divis cetera, qui simul  
Stravere ventos aequore fervido  
Deproeliantes nec cupressi  
Nec veteres agitantur orni.

## FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHY.

SCENE.—*The parlour in Horace's Sabine farmhouse.*

TIME.—*A winter morning.*

PERSONS.—*Horace and a young friend (somewhat afflicted with the fashionable pessimism).*

HORACE *log.*

Good heavens, what cold ! The snow is down  
On all the hills ; the woods are lost ;  
The streams are blocked with ice. "Tis clear  
We're in for something like a frost !

Draw up your chair and stir the fire ;  
Pile all the logs the hearth will hold ;  
We'll have a pint of Sabine wine  
To help us to keep out the cold.

There—now we'll talk, and leave the world  
To the good care of Providence,  
Nor vex our souls o'ermuch to probe  
The Why, the Whither, and the Whence.

Look at that cypress and those elms,  
So still against the frosty sky ;  
How tossed and wracked their mighty limbs,  
When God so wills and winds are high !

Quid sit futurum eras fuge quaerere, et  
Quem Fors dierum cunque dabit lucro  
Appone, nec dulces amores  
Sperne puer neque tu choreas,  
Donec virenti canities abest  
Morosa. Nunc et campus et areae  
Lenesque sub noctem susurri  
Composita repetantur hora;  
Nunc et latentis proditor intimo  
Gratus puellae risus ab angulo,  
Pignusque dereptum lacertis  
Aut digito male pertinaci.

Man's a small thing—he has his hour—  
Things, after all, are not so bad :  
Enjoy the present while you may,  
Leave to the future what is sad.

Tut, tut, you talk ! Too soon the years  
Will fleck your golden locks with grey,  
Bring crabbed age for frolic youth,  
Steal all your pretty loves away.

You smile ! when there are lips to kiss,  
And nymphs who beckon as they fly—  
Be wise in time ; you'll never have  
Such games when you're as old as I.

## CARM. I. xiv.

O NAVIS, referent in mare te novi  
Fluctus ! O quid agis ? Fortiter occupa  
Portum. Nonne vides ut  
Nudum remigio latus  
Et malus celeri saucius Africo  
Antennaeque gemant ac sine funibus  
Vix durare carinae  
Possint imperiosius  
Aequor ? Non tibi sunt integra linteal,  
Non di, quos iterum pressa voces malo.  
Quamvis Pontica pinus,  
Silvae filia nobilis,  
Jactes et genus et nomen inutile ;  
Nil pietis timidus navita pupibus  
Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis  
Debes ludibrium, cave.  
Nuper sollicitum quae mihi taedium,  
Nunc desiderium curaque non levis,  
Interfusa nitentes  
Vites aequora Cycladas.

## “O NAVIS.”

O THOU who far upon a summer sea  
Spreadest white canvas to the favouring air,  
Glad in thy proud convoying company  
Of statelier craft—take heed ! Though thou art fair,  
And bravely leanest to the flowing blue,  
Yet waters are there, under other skies,  
Where storms are sudden and where stars are few.  
Ah ! when frail timbers rend and cordage flies,  
'Mid the loud buffets of that boisterous world,  
How wilt thou fare ? Were it not better far  
To seek the port, and there, with sails close furled,  
To hear the wild waves rage across the bar,  
Thy little barque secure, ere the night fall,  
With none on the lone waste to hear thee call ?

## CARM. I. xxii.

VITAS himnuleo me similis, Chloë,  
Quaerenti pavidam montibus aviis  
Matrem non sine vano  
Aurarum et silüae metu.  
Nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit  
Adventus foliis seu virides rubum  
Dimovere lacertae,  
Et corde et genibus tremit.  
Atqui non ego te tigris ut aspera  
Gaetulusve leo frangere persequor :  
Tandem desine matrem  
Tempestiva sequi viro.

## CHLOË.

CHLOË, you shun me like a startled fawn,  
That seeks her timorous dam upon the heights,  
And in each wandering air and stirring brake  
Some terror sights.

'Twas but the rustle of the coming spring,  
That softly shivered through the opening leaves,  
Or a green lizard darting through the briar,  
Her bosom heaves,

Her limbs are all a-tremble ! Nay, what fears !  
No savage lion I, that lies in wait  
To rudely rend thee. Leave thy mother then,  
And seek a mate.

## CARM. I. xxiv.

AD VIRGILIJUM.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
 Tam cari capit is? Praecipe lugubres  
 Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater  
     Vocem cum eithara dedit.  
 Ergo Quintcilium perpetuus sopor  
 Urget ! cui Pudor et Justitiae soror  
 Incorrupta Fides nudaque Veritas  
     Quando ullum inveniet parem?  
 Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,  
 Nulli flebilior quam tibi, Virgili.  
 Tu frustra pius heu non ita creditum  
     Poscis Quintcilium deos.  
 Quodsi Threicio blandius Orpheo  
 Auditam moderere arboribus fidem,  
 Non vanae redeat sanguis imaginis,  
     Quam virga semel horrida  
 Non lenis precibus fata recludere  
 Nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.  
 Durum : sed levius fit patientia  
     Quidquid corrigere est nefas.

## A ROMAN'S SORROW ;

OR

## THE LAMENT FOR QUINCTILIUS.

TEARS have no measure, Sorrow needs no shame,  
To mourn so loved a life. Begin then, Muse,  
The heavy strain, and teach me how to mourn.

For thou, Melpomene, did'st erst receive  
The ringing lyre from the great Father's hands,  
The lyre, and liquid tones of solemn song.

Sunk is that head in the long sleep of death ;  
That dear, dear head ! Ah, brother ! friend beloved !  
Shall Faith and Honour ever find thy peer ?

His death brought tears to many a good man's eyes ;  
Most to thine, Virgil, who, with bootless plaint,  
Requir'st of Heaven this end of all thy prayers.

Ah !—might you tune your lyre to sweeter lays  
Than ever Orpheus woke by wood or stream,  
To that faint ghost the blood comes not again,

Which once dread Hermes, with his awful wand,  
Has gathered in. 'Tis hard : but comfort still  
Seek we in bearing what high Heaven decrees.

## CARM. I. xxx.

## AD VENEREM.

O VENUS, regina Cnidi Paphique,  
Sperne dilectam Cypron, et vocantis  
Thure te multo Glycerae decoram

Transfer in aedem.

Fervidus tecum puer et solutis  
Gratiae zonis properentque Nymphae  
Et parum comis sine te Juventas

Mercuriusque.

## TO VENUS.

O VENUS, queen of many a sunny isle,  
Leave thy loved Cyprus, and across the sea  
Come hither to my Glycera's fair bower,  
Who summons thee

With wealth of incense. Come, and with thee bring  
Thy glowing boy, nor let the Nymphs delay ;  
Youth too, love-longing, and the Graces three  
Bid come away !

## CARM. I. xxxiv.

PARCUS deorum cultor et infrequens  
Insanientis dum sapientiae  
    Consultus erro, nunc retrorsum  
        Vela dare atque iterare cursus  
Cogor relictos : namque Diespiter,  
    Igni corusco nubila dividens  
        Plerumque, per purum tonantes  
            Egit equos volucremque currum  
Quo bruta tellus et vaga flumina,  
    Quo Styx et invisi horrida Taenari  
        Sedes Atlanteusque finis  
            Concutitur. Valet ima summis  
Mutare et insignem attenuat deus  
    Obscura promens ; hinc apicem rapax  
        Fortuna cum stridore acuto  
            Sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet.

## BY THE WAY.

I, who for many years had ceased  
To go to church, or say my prayers,  
Making Philosophy my priest,  
Till, tangled in the mazy snares  
Of puzzle-headed Wisdom's saws,  
I 'gan to wonder where I was ;

Casting about in witless wise,  
I, one fine day—the world may smile,  
But there it was—I rubbed my eyes,  
And saw that, had I walked a mile  
By the old road, I'd better done  
Than twenty by the way I'd come.

So, musing to myself, I said  
“I've been a fool”—and back I ran ;  
And, as the ancient way I tread,  
‘A sadder and a wiser man,’  
I recognise there's still some knowledge  
We may acquire when we've left college.

## CARM. I. xxxviii.

## AD PUERUM.

PERSICOS odi, puer, apparatus,  
Displicet nexae philyra coronae ;  
Mitte sectari rosa quo locorum  
Sera moretur.  
Simplici myrto nihil allabores  
Sedulus curo : neque te ministrum  
Dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta  
Vite bibentem.

“PERSICOS ODI.”

*Sir John to his Valet:*

I do not like your Jewish tastes,  
I hate your furs and astrachan,  
Melton and velvet's good enough,  
Or was, to coat a gentleman.

You need not trouble to inquire  
What is the latest sort of hat,  
Chapman & Moore have got my size,  
And yours, and can attend to that.

## CARM. II. xiv.

## AD POSTUMUM.

EHEU fugaces, Postume, Postume,  
 Labuntur anni, nec pietas moram  
     Rugis et instanti senectae  
     Afferet indomitaeque morti.  
 Non, si trecentis, quotquot eunt dies,  
 Amice, places illacrimabilem  
     Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum  
     Geryonen Tityonque tristi  
 Compescit unda, scilicet omnibus  
 Quicunque terrae munere vescimur  
     Enaviganda, sive reges  
     Sive inopes erimus coloni.  
 Frustra cruento Marte carebimus  
 Fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriae,  
     Frustra per auctumnos nocentem  
     Corporibus metuemus Austrum :  
 Visendus ater flumine languido  
 Cocytes errans et Danai genus  
     Infame damnatusque longi  
     Sisyphus Aeolides laboris.

## ALAS, THE YEARS !

ALAS, the years, how soon they pass away !  
And what can hold the ruthless hand of Time ?  
Athwart the path, alike for you, for me,  
Stands wrinkled eld, and, at the end, the grave.

Not if you brought in daily sacrifice  
A hecatomb of bulls on altar slain,  
Stern Pluto's gloomy power might you assuage,  
Who winds about with his remorseless stream

The huge Earth-monsters. To that dismal shore  
We all must come, and all must cross that flood,  
Whether on earth in palaces we dwell,  
Or till the soil as lowly husbandmen.

'Tis all in vain we keep from cruel wars,  
Vain that we shun the bursting billow's surge,  
Vainly, with heedful care, when autumn comes,  
We shield our bodies from its harmful airs.

Dark with its sobbing waters winding slow  
We all must view Cocytus' wandering stream,  
And that sad race condemned to endless toil,  
For sins whose guilt no toil may purge away.

Linquenda tellus et domus et placens  
Uxor, neque harum quas colis arborum  
Te praeter invisas cupressos  
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.  
Absumet heres Caecuba dignior  
Servata centum clavibus, et mero  
Tinget pavimentum superbo  
Pontificum potiore coenis.

All must be left, lands, home, and charming wife,  
Fondest of pledges, and of all these trees  
Your hands have raised, except the cypress drear,  
Not one shall follow thee, their short-lived lord !

In prouder state your lavish heir shall quaff  
The wine you guarded with a hundred keys,  
And dash its splendid wealth upon your floor,  
A lordlier brand than pontiffs' feasts can boast !

## CARM. II. xix.

## AD BACCHUM.

BACCHUM in remotis carmina rupibus  
 Vidi docentem—credite posteri—  
     Nymphasque discentes et aures  
     Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.  
 Euoe, recenti mens trepidat metu  
 Plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum  
     Laetatur. Euoe, parce Liber,  
     Parce, gravi metuende thyrso !  
 Fas pervicaces est mihi Thyiadas  
 Vinique fontem lactis et uberes  
     Cantare rivos, atque truncis  
     Lapsa cavis iterare mella ;  
 Fas et beatae conjugis additum  
 Stellis honorem, tectaque Penthei  
     Disjecta non leni ruina,  
     Thracis et exitium Lycurgi.  
 Tu flectis amnes, tu mare barbarum,  
 Tu separatis uvidus in jugis  
     Nodo coërces viperino  
     Bistonidum sine fraude crines :  
 Tu, cum parentis regua per arduum  
 Cohors Gigantum scanderet impia,  
     Rhoetuni retorsi leonis  
     Unguibus horribilique mala ;  
 Quamquam choreis aptior et jocis  
 Ludoque dictus non sat idoneus  
     Pugnae ferebaris : sed idem  
     Pacis eras mediusque belli.  
 Te vedit insons Cerberus aureo  
 Cornu decorum, leniter atterens  
     Caudam, et recendentis trilingui  
     Ore pedes tetigitque crura.

## A MYSTICAL UTTERANCE.

Of lonely rocks a vision came,  
Where Bacchus—let who will believe—  
To Nymphs and listening Satyrs tame  
The mysterie of song did give ;

Attuning to each ravished ear  
The various note : whereat my heart,  
With strange delight and mingled fear—  
Such is that goddes power—did start.

Evoë spare me ! spare to harm  
Thy servants of the ivy crown !  
Who reel beneath the potent charm,  
Which from thy tufted staff comes down !

So will I sing, with rage divine,  
Thy godhead's all-subduing famie,  
In wars achieved, in song and wine,  
On earth, in heaven and hell the same.

## CARM. III. 1.

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo ;  
Favete linguis : carmina non prius ;  
Audita Musarum sacerdos  
    Virginibus puerisque canto.  
Regum timendorum in proprios greges,  
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis  
    Clari Giganteo triumpho,  
    Cuncta supercilie moventis.  
Est ut viro vir latius ordinet  
Arbusta sulcis, hic generosior  
    Descendat in Campum petitor,  
    Moribus hic meliorque fama  
Contendat, illi turba clientium  
Sit major : aequa lege Necessitas  
    Sortitur insignes et imos ;  
    Omne capax movet urna nomen.

## FOR THE TIMES.

I SING for boys, for maidens fair I sing,  
Songs which were taught me by the Muses nine ;  
Draw near and listen to the truths I bring,  
All ye who keep the golden thread so fine  
Of youth glad-hearted ; but avaunt, ye proud,  
Ye sordid, vulgar, money-grubbing crowd !

The mighty sway of kings the nations prove,  
But kings in turn must own the power of God,  
Who, lifted high in heaven all things above,  
Shakes the great universe with awful nod :  
Kings have their hour, but, be it soon or late,  
Subjects and kings alike must bow to fate.

Make broad your acres, boast your pedigree,  
Flatter your souls with pride of wealth and place,  
Affect the people with your high degree,  
Your birth superior, and your nobler race,  
Their suffrage win, acclaimed by every breath,  
The casting vote will still remain with Death.

Districtus ensis cui super impia  
Cervice pendet non Siculae dapes  
Dulcem elaborabunt saporem,  
Non avium citharaeque cantus  
Somnum reducent. Somnus agrestium  
Lenis virorum non humiles domos  
Fastidit umbrosamque ripam,  
Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.  
Desiderantem quod satis est neque  
Tumultuosum sollicitat mare,  
Nec saevus Arcturi cadentis  
Impetus aut orientis Haedi,  
Non verberatae grandine vineae  
Fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas  
Culpante nunc torrentia agros  
Sidera nunc hiemes iniquas.

For him, the guilty man, above whose head  
A drawn sword hovers, banquets have no charm,  
And sleep has fled his anxious fearful bed,  
Where Care sits brooding and wide-eyed Alarm ;  
Nor song of birds, nor sounds from trembling string  
Of lute scarce touched sweet Sleep may thither bring.

But in some far secluded rustic cot  
The gentle god takes joy to lay him down ;  
Ah, happy men ! thrice blessed, happy lot !  
Removed from care and fickle fortune's frown,  
Calm is your rest, o'er-canopied by trees,  
Your lullaby the whispering of the breeze.

True happiness in calm contentment lies,  
Blindly we seek it over land and sea,  
For purple, gems, and costliest merchandise  
Holding the farthest shores of earth in fee ;  
For this the storm-tossed sailor knows no rest,  
And dreads Arcturus sloping toward the west.

But if the limits of a man's desires  
Are bounded by the simple needs of life,  
Nor winter rains, nor summer's scorching fires  
Disturb his quiet, nor the furious strife  
Of elements, what time the farmer sees  
The loss of crops and corn and wine's increase.

Contracta pisces aequora sentiunt  
Jactis in altum molibus; huc frequens  
Caementa demittit redemptor  
Cum famulis dominusque terrae  
Fastidiosus. Sed Timor et Minae  
Scandunt eodem quo dominus, neque  
Decedit aerata triremi, et  
Post equitem sedet atra Cura.  
Quodsi dolentem nec Phrygius lapis  
Nec purpurarum sidere clarior  
Delenit usus nec Falerna  
Vitis Achaemeniumque costum,  
Cur invidendis postibus et novo  
Sublime ritu moliar atrium?  
Cur valle permutem Sabina  
Divitias operosiores?

Frantic for change and crazed for novelty,  
The lords of wealth must ease their latest pain ;  
Tired of the land, they would fill up the sea,  
And hurl huge blocks into the fretted main,  
While slaves and factors sweat to rise a pile  
Upon the waters in the last new style.

But at the windows of the topmost tower  
The horrid face of Fear looks gaping in ;  
Not all the rich man's gold can forge a power  
To lay the spectres that attend on sin ;  
They climb his brazen barge, while Care, as black  
As armoured steed, rides clinging at his back.

If, then, nor purple robes nor mansions fine  
Can banish grief or lull the soul to rest ;  
If gems and perfumes rare and choicest wine  
Can bring no balm to sooth the troubled breast ;  
If neither pillared court nor marble hall  
Give comfort to the aching heart at all ;

If, with the world and with myself at peace,  
I live contented in my Sabine vale ;  
If, far from strife of tongues which never cease,  
My home affords no mark for Envy pale—  
Why should I change a state, which such wealth brings,  
For all the splendid poverty of kings ?

## CARM. III. n.

ANGUSTAM amice pauperiem pati  
Robustus acri militia puer  
Condiscat, et Parthos feroceſ  
Vexet equeſ metuendus hasta,  
Vitamque ſub diuo et trepidiſ agat  
In rebus. Illum ex moenibus hōſticis  
Matrona bellantiſ tyranni  
Proſpiciens et adulta virgo  
Suspiret, eheu, ne rudiſ agminum  
Sponsus laceſſat regiuſ asperum  
Tactu leonem, quem cruenta  
Per medias rapit ira caedes.  
Dulce et decorum eſt pro patria mori :  
Mors et fugacem perſequitur virum,  
Nec parcit imbelliſ juventae  
Poplitibus timidoque tergo.  
Virtus repulſae nescia ſordidae  
Intaminatiſ fulget honoribus,  
Nec ſumit aut ponit ſecures  
Arbitrio populariſ aurae.

## A TRUMPET CALL.

NURTURED to arms, and schooled by rigorous war,  
Let Youth go learn to fare on frugal cheer,  
And teach, at last, the savage Parthian hordes  
To dread the prowess of a Roman spear.

Let him live hard, beneath the open sky,  
Where deeds are stirring ; from embattled towers  
Let royal mothers, watching for their sons,  
And maids new-wedded, tremble lest the flowers

Of all their hopes, alas ! should rashly rouse  
The lion in his fury where he goes  
Through heaps of slain, and on their ill-starred heads  
Bring all the wrath he wreaks upon his foes.

Ah, 'tis a sweet and seemly thing to die  
For home and country ! But a coward's grave  
What man would win?—and death o'er takes the coward,  
For all his pains his recreant limbs to save.

Honour, that will not brook a base defeat,  
Shines forth with bright unsullied glory still,  
Nor takes nor abdicates the seals of power  
To suit the changes of the people's will.

Virtus recludens immeritis mori  
Caelum negata tentat iter via,  
Coetusque vulgares et udam  
Spernit humum fugiente pena.  
Est et fideli tuta silentio  
Merce : vetabo qui Cereris sacrum  
Vulgarit arcanae sub isdem  
Sit trabibus fragilemve mecum  
Solvat phaselon ; saepe Diespiter  
Neglectus incesto addidit integrum.  
Raro antecedentem scelestum  
Deseruit pede Poena clando.

Scorning the misty earth, on beating wing  
Honour her trackless path to heaven doth cleave,  
And pours its light on those she lifts above  
The coil that mean earth-groping mortals weave.

For reverence, too, and faith there lies in store  
A sure reward : that man shall never be,  
Who blabs the mysteries of holy rites,  
Under one roof or in one ship with me.

Oft, for our sins, on good and bad alike  
God, in his wisdom, hurls his vengeful blast ;  
Seldom hath Justice, though with halting foot,  
Failed to o'ertake the guilty man at last.

## CARM. III. ix.

DONEC gratus eram tibi  
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidae  
Cervici juvenis dabat,  
Persarum vigui rege beatior.  
Donec non alia magis  
Arsisti neque erat Lydia post Chloën,  
Multi Lydia nominis  
Romana vigui clarior Ilia.  
Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit  
Dulces docta modos et citharae sciens,  
Pro qua non metuam mori  
Si parcent animae fata superstitionis.  
Me torret face mutua  
Thurini Calaïs filius Ornyti,  
Pro quo bis patiar mori  
Si parcent puero fata superstitionis.

## THE RECONCILIATION.

HE.

So long as I to thee was pleasing,  
And none than I more fondly pressed  
Round thy white neck his arms was wreathing,  
Than prince or king I lived more blessed.

SHE.

So long as thou thoughtst Lydia fairest,  
And other girls for her didst fly,  
No maid renowned for beauty rarest  
Was prouder queen of love than I.

HE.

For me now Chloë is the fairer,  
She rules me with her sparkling eye—  
Ah, if the jealous Fates would spare her,  
For her sweet sake I'd gladly die !

SHE.

I Phaon love, my heart doth yield him  
The vows he asks with ardent breath—  
Ah, if the envious Fates would shield him,  
Thrice for his sake I'd welcome death !

Quid si prisca redit Venus  
Diductosque jugo cogit aëneo,  
Si flava excutitur Chloë  
Rejectaeque patet janua Lydiae?  
Quamquam sidere pulchrior  
Ille est, tu levior cortice et improbo  
Iracundior Hadria,  
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

## HE.

What if the old, old love returning,  
Send Lydia back her truant boy,  
If he, the fair-haired Chloë spurning,  
Should seek again his early joy?

## SHE.

Though like Jove's star his beauty flashes,  
And fickle thou as April sky,  
Hasty as flood the north wind lashes--  
With thee I'd live, with thee I'd die.

•

## CARM. III. XII.

MISERARUM est neque amori dare ludum neque dulci

Mala vino lavere, aut examinari metuentes

Patruae verbera linguae.

Tibi qualum Cythereae puer ales, tibi telas

Operosaeque Minervae studium aufert, Neobule,

Liparaei nitor Hebri,

Simul unctos Tiberinis humeros lavit in undis,

Eques ipso melior Bellerophonte, neque pugno

Neque segni pede victus;

Catus idem per apertum fugientes agitato

Grege cervos jaculari et celer alto latitantem

Fruticeto excipere aprum.

## MARJORY.

ALAS, poor girls !  
Who, when they love, must hide their tender grief,  
Nor in sweet soothing wine  
Seek short relief,  
But still must peak and pine,  
While scolding parents frighten them to tears ;  
Alas, poor dears !

Fie, to thy task !  
Why, Marjory, thy spinning wheel is dumb !  
What ails thee that it stays  
Its wonted hum ?  
That sigh, that pensive gaze,  
Betray, methinks, a heart no longer whole ;  
Alas, poor soul !

I know the boy,  
Thy pretty squire, thy knight of old romance—  
No bolder spark than he  
His neck to chance,  
When hounds are running free,  
And thou wouldest keep him at thine apron string ;  
Alas, poor thing !

## CARM. III. xviii.

## AD FAUNUM.

FAUNE, Nympharum fugientum amator,  
Per meos fines et aprica rura  
Leuis incedas abeasque parvis  
Aequus alumnis,  
Si tener pleno cadit haedus anno,  
Larga nec desunt Veneris sodali  
Vina craterae. Vetus ara multo  
Fumat odore,  
Ludit herboso pecus omne campo,  
Cum tibi Nonae redeunt Decembres ;  
Festus in pratis vacat otioso  
Cum bove pagus ;  
Inter audaces lupus errat agnos ;  
Spargit agrestes tibi silva frondes ;  
Gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor  
Ter pede terram.

## THE FAUN.

FAUNUS, thou lover of the Nymphs that fly,  
If through my sunny fields thou chance to pass,  
Kind be thy coming and thy footing light  
Upon the grass.

And, when thou go'st, may my young weanlings feel  
No harmful influence, if, when droops the year,  
A kid falls to thee and full stoups of wine—  
Such loving cheer

Bright Venus chooseth. From yon antique mound  
My rustic altar smokes with fragrance sweet,  
While beasts do leap upon the verdant sward,  
When seasons meet

'Twixt drouth and winter. Then, in joy of thee,  
The village hind with herds makes holiday  
Through all the meadows, and the wolf is seen  
With lambs at play.

Then, in thy path, the wildwood strews her leaves,  
To grace thy coming; while, with shouts of mirth,  
The ploughman tramples in the three-time dance  
His foe, the earth.

## CARM. III. xix.

## AD TELEPHUM.

\* \* \* \* \*

Insanire juvat : cur Berecyntiae  
Cessant flamina tibiae ?  
Cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra ?  
Parcentes ego dexteras  
Odi : sparge rosas ; audiat invidus  
Dementem strepitum Lycus  
Et vicina seni non habilis Lyco.  
Spissa te nitidum coma,  
Puro te similem, Telephe, Vespero  
Tempestiva petit Rhode :  
Me lentus Glycerae torret amor meae.

## THE REVELLERS.

Music awake, and let the echoes ring ;  
With music for our king  
We'll pass the hour ;  
While jealous Age, to mistress fair ill wed,  
Shall hear us from his bed,  
And curse the riot that invades his bower.

Then, as the clear and sparkling cup goes round,  
With wreath of roses crowned,  
We'll dream of love—  
Young love for thee, which flutters to the light  
Of eyes and hair as bright  
As the still star of eve that broods above ;  
For me,  
A slow, more wasting fire must my companion be.

## CARM. III. xxv.

## AD BACCHUM.

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui  
Plenum? quae nemora aut quos agor in specus  
Velox mente nova? quibus  
Antris egregii Caesaris audiar  
Aeternum meditans decus  
Stellis inserere et consilio Jovis?  
Dicam insigne recens adhuc  
Indictum ore alio. Non secus in jugis  
Exsommis stupet Euias  
Hebrum prospiciens et nive candidam  
Thracen ac pede barbaro  
Lustratam Rhodopen, ut mihi devio  
Ripas et vacuum nemus

## A POET'S PHRENZY.

WHITHER, whither art thou [whirling me, thou god  
of wine,

Full of thee, by thee possessed ?

By what rocks, or through what wandering, silent groves,  
Am I driven, by thy deity oppressed ?

From what antres dim and vast

Shall I prophesy at last,

And set great Cæsar's fame among the stars ?

O the song !

Which from my lips shall burst, and loud and long,

In strains unheard before,

To the throne of Jove shall soar,

Who rules with counsel high the various world.

Faster, faster, as I follow in thy train,

With thy leaves about my brow,

Glide the trees, the wild-wood banks, the rocky glades,

Ah, the rapture of thy spirit fills me now !

And I gaze upon the scene

Like some wild Bacchantè queen,

When the dawn bursts o'er the gleaming heights of  
Thrace.

Mirari libet. O Naïadum potens  
Baccharumque valentium  
Proceras manibus vertere fraxinos,  
Nil parvum aut humili modo,  
Nil mortale loquar. Dulce periculum est,  
O Lenaee, sequi deum  
Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

Wild surprise  
Stays her step and stills the frenzy of her eyes,  
As she sees beneath her feet  
Pale Hebrus' gliding sheet,  
And the snowy peaks of Rhodope's wild tribes.

O thou lord of Nymphs and all the dancing throng,  
Whom thy spirit fills with strength  
To rend rude forest boughs, be with me now,  
As I call thee, and inspire my song at length,  
To a strain unheard before,  
Which shall mount to heaven's high floor  
As with willing feet I follow in thy train !

## CARM. III. xxviii.

FESTO quid potius die  
Neptuni faciam? Prome reconditum,  
Lyde strenua, Caecubum  
Munitaeque adhibe vim sapientiae.  
Inclinare meridiem  
Sentis ac, veluti stet volucris dies,  
Parcis deripere horreo  
Cessantem Bibuli consulis amphoram.  
Nos cantabimus invicem  
Neptunum et virides Nereïdum comas  
Tu curva recines lyra  
Latonam et celeris spicula Cynthiae;  
Summo carmine quae Cnidon  
Fulgentesque tenet Cycladas et Paphon  
Junctis visit oloribus;  
Dicetur merita Nox quoque nenia.

## NEPTUNE'S FEAST.

WHAT shall we do, my Lydè, say,  
To celebrate this festal day?  
See, the sun wheels to his decline,  
Haste then, 'tis time to broach the wine,  
Our oldest wine shall quit its rest,  
For Neptune's feast demands the best.

Neptune, the green-haired Nymphs among,  
We'll praise in antiphònal song ;  
Your lyre shall themes divide between  
Latona and the huntress Queen.

Then, in a song, we'll celebrate  
The praise of her who keeps her state  
At Cnidos and the Cyclades,  
Which gleam afar across the seas ;  
And oft times chooseth to repair  
To Paphos' sweet pellucid air,  
When through the blue is borne afar  
By snow-white swans her glittering car.

And last, to Night we will rehearse  
A holy, high and solemn verse.

## CARM. IV. III

## AD MELPOMENEN.

QUEM tu, Melpomene, semel  
Nascentem placido lumine videris,  
Illum non labor Isthmius  
Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger  
Curru ducet Achaico  
Victorem, neque res bellica Deliis  
Ornatum foliis ducem,  
Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,  
Ostendet Capitolio :  
Sed quae Tibur aquae fertile praefluunt  
Et spissae nemorum comae  
Fingent Aeolio carmine nobilem.  
Romae principis urbium  
Dignatur suboles inter amabiles  
Vatum ponere me choros,  
Et jam dente minus mordeor invido.

## A POET'S FAME.

THE man upon whose cradled state  
Your eyes have turned their quiet gaze,  
Melpomene, he needs no praise  
From Isthmian toils, to make him great.

For him no shouts the air shall fill  
For victories won in chariot race,  
Nor kings be captive led to grace  
His triumph up the Sacred Hill.

But streams, which Tibur's woods among  
Flow gently on, shall nurse his fame,  
And rear throughout the world his name  
As master of Aeolian song.

Lords of the earth, the sons of Rome  
Have deigned to set me up on high,  
Amid the gracious company  
Of bards, where Envy cannot come.

O, testudinis aureae  
Dulcem quae strepitum, Pieri, temperas,  
O mutis quoque piscibus  
Donatura cyeni, si libeat, sonum,  
Totum muneric hoc tui est,  
Quod monstror digito praetereuntium  
Romanae fidicen lyrae,  
Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

O goddess of the golden lyre !  
Queen of the dulcet-sounding shell !  
Who, with sweet song's entralling spell,  
Could fishes mute, like swans, inspire !

If I am praised, by nod and sign  
If men do mark me through the town,  
My powers, my all—art, life, renown—  
Are but thy gift—the praise be thine !

## CARM. IV. vii.

## AD TORQUATUM.

DIFFUGERE nives, redeunt jam gramina campis  
     Arboribusque comae;  
 Mutat terra vices et decrescentia ripas  
     Flumina praetereunt;  
 Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet  
     · Ducere nuda choros.  
 Immortalia ne spores monet annus et alnum  
     Quae rapit hora diem.  
 Frigora mitescunt Zephyris, ver proterit aestas  
     Interitura simul  
 Pomifer Auctumnus fruges effuderit, et mox  
     Bruma recurrit iners.  
 Damna tamen celeres reparant caelestia lunae :  
     Nos ubi decidimus  
 Quo pius Aeneas quo dives Tullus et Ancus  
     Pulvis et umbra sumus.  
 Quis seit an adjiciant hodiernae crastina summae  
     Tempora di superi?

## AN EARLY SPRING DAY.

GONE is the snow, and the first tender green  
O'er field and wood is seen ;  
The earth is changed again, and rivers flow  
Between the banks they know.  
Now, on the dewy sward, with motion free,  
Dance Nymphs and Graces three,  
While winds are hushed, and tender suns caress  
Their naked comeliness.  
That in thy heart no idle hope should be  
Of immortality,  
The year reminds us, and this golden day,  
Which the hours steal away.  
At Spring's behest the balmy Zephyr blows,  
Then melt the winter snows,  
But Spring to Summer yields, himself to bow,  
Though lordly be his brow,  
To Autumn, bringing fruits—and soon again  
Winter renewes his reign.  
Swiftly the moon's increase keeps coming on,  
And we, when we are gone,  
Where all the mighty dead have gone before,  
Are dust and nothing more.  
Whether the gods will add to our to-day  
To-morrow, who shall say ?

Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis amico  
Quae dederis animo.  
Cum semel occideris et de te splendida Minos  
Fecerit arbitria,  
Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te  
Restituet pietas ;  
Infernus neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum  
Liberat Hippolytum,  
Nec Lethaea valet Theseus abrumpere caro  
Vincula Peirithoo.

Give while you can, and save from what your heirs  
Already grasp as theirs ;  
For when the lord of that dim shadowy throne  
Has claimed thee for his own,  
Nor birth, nor piety, nor eloquence,  
Friend, shall restore thee thence,  
Where gods, for those they loved, have sought in vain  
To loose death's fatal chain.

## CARM. IV. xiii.

## AD LYCEN.

AUDIVERE, Lyce, di mea vota, di  
Audivere, Lyce : fis anus, et tamen  
Vis formosa videri  
Ludisque et bibis impudens  
Et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem  
Lentum sollicitas. Ille virentis et  
Doctae psallere Chiae  
Pulchris excubat in genis.  
Importunus enim transvolat aridas  
Quercus, et refugit te quia luridi  
Dentes, te quia rugae  
Turpant et capitis nives.  
Nec Coae referunt jam tibi purpurae  
Nec clari lapides tempora, quae semel  
Notis condita fastis  
Inclusit volueris dies.

## TIME'S REVENGE.

AHA ! so, Lycë, you are growing old ;  
To this 'tis come, in spite of all your pains,  
Your paint and patches ; let the truth be told,  
You're old, and what is life when beauty wanes ?

Still at the game ? Pah ! 'tis a pretty sight,  
Scarce ever sober, and quite shameless grown,  
Quavering your tipsy staves and snatches light,  
To summon wanton love, when love has flown.

Best spare your pains, for wrinkles and grey hair  
Like not the pampered boy, who wings his way  
Where cheeks like Chia's blossom fresh and fair,  
And there he nestles all the livelong day.

Jewels and purple cannot youth recall,  
Your fine array, your efforts all are vain,  
For time, once gone, is gone for ay and all,  
And youth, once fled, comes never more again.

Quo fugit venus, heu, quove color? decens  
Quo motus? quid habes, illius, illius,  
Quae spirabat amores,  
Quae me surpuerat mihi,  
Felix post Cinaram, notaque et artium  
Gratarum facies? Sed Cinarae breves  
Annos fata dederunt,  
Servatura diu parem  
Cornicis vetulae temporibus Lycen,  
Possent ut juvenes visere fervidi  
Multo non sine risu  
Dilapsam in cineres facem.

Where is that beauty now, alas ! and where  
The rosy bloom, the charm, the moving grace ?  
Where is that Lycë breathing love's own air,  
And a whole world in bondage to a face ?

I, like the rest, was caught within the spell,  
Though still to Cinara my heart was true ;  
To think that fate so soon should ring the knell  
For her—poor Cinara !—and leave us you !

Ay, you are left, to match the crow in years,  
While, “There goes Lycë with her draggled flounce,”  
The young blades laugh—a sight more meet for tears,  
For—who'd have thought it?—she was pretty once !

## CARM. IV. 1.

INTERMISSA, Venus, diu  
Rursus bella moves? Parce, precor, precor,  
Non sum qualis eram bonae  
Sub regno Cinarae. Desine, dulcium  
Mater saeva Cupidinum,  
Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus  
Jam durum imperiis : abi  
Quo blandae juvenum te revocant preces.

\*        \*        \*        \*        \*

## A MAN'S LOVE.

SPARE me, O goddess, spare !  
Thy cruel dart  
Hath piercèd through my heart,  
While she so fair  
Goes careless still and gay ; yet my heart's woe  
I swear, great goddess, she shall never know.

Her beauty, formed by thee  
For love's delight,  
Dazzles my aching sight ;  
I would be free ;  
But when in angry shame to 'scape I try,  
She holds me in the fetters of her eye.

Capricious fate and blind,  
I laugh at thee !  
And yet I am not free,  
Nor is she kind.  
Nay, goddess, then, unloose these galling chains,  
So tedious grown, and ease me of my pains.

Go where some ardent boy  
Sighs to the air,  
And summons thee with prayer  
To crown his joy ;  
Go conquer hearts which have not felt thy sway,  
Mine is grown hard, and likes not to obey.



# CATULLUS

## V.

VIVAMUS, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,  
Rumoresque senum severiorum  
Omnes unius aestimemus assis.  
Soles occidere et redire possunt :  
Nobis cum senel occidit brevis lux  
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.  
Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,  
Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,  
Deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum.  
Dein, cum milia multa fecerimus,  
Conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,  
Aut nequis malus invidere possit,  
Cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.

## TO LESBIA.

Kiss me, my love, and yet again  
Kiss me, that so the eager pain  
Of severance we may forget ;  
For when our little sun is set,  
Though suns may set and rise again,  
For us shall endless night remain.

Then kiss me, love, while yet we may ;  
Let Wisdom frown so we are gay ;  
Kiss me, and from that honeyed store  
Of kisses bring a hundred more,—  
A thousand kisses add to these,  
And then a thousand more, nor cease  
Till all the reckoning of our bliss  
Is blotted out in kiss on kiss,  
And envious wight may never see  
The kisses thou didst give to me.

## III.

LUGETE, o Veneres Cupidinesque,  
Et quantum est hominum venustiorum.  
Passer mortuus est meae puellae,  
Passer, deliciae meae puellae ;  
Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat :  
Nam mellitus erat suamque norat  
Ipsam tam bene quam puella matrem ;  
Nec sese a gremio illius movebat,  
Sed circumsiliens modo huc modo illuc  
Ad solam dominam usque pipilabat.  
Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum  
Illuc, unde negant redire quenquam.  
At vobis male sit, malae tenebrae  
Orci, quae omnia bella devoratis :  
Tam bellum mihi passerem abstulitis.  
Vae factum male ! vae miselle passer !  
Tua nunc opera meae puellae  
Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

## LESBIA'S SPARROW DEAD.

MOURN, all ye Loves, ye Loves and Cupids, mourn,  
Make moan for heaviness, ye gallants bright,  
For Lesbia's bird my Lesbia weeps forlorn ;  
He's dead—poor, pretty bird—my love's delight !

Ah, honey-sweet he was ! when she addressed  
Him loving things, he'd answer at her ear,  
And perch about her, flutter at her breast,  
And pipe and chirrup to his mistress dear.

No hand but hers he loved, no other call  
He heeded : now, his pretty doings o'er,  
His little soul goes darkling whither all  
Must go, and, going, may return no more.

Then out, alack ! and fie upon your spite !  
Ye sullen shadows of the insatiate grave,  
Devouring all that's beautiful and bright—  
Out on ye !—all the lovely things we have !

And now my mistress weeps, and 'tis your work  
That red and swollen are her tender eyes.  
O hapless bird ! O dull, devouring murk !  
Her bird is dead, and my poor Lesbia cries.

## XXXI.

PAENE insularum, Sirmio, insularumque  
Ocelle, quascunque in liquentibus stagnis  
Marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus ;  
Quam te libenter quamque laetus inviso,  
  
Vix mi ipse credens Thuniam atque Bithunos  
Liquisse campos et videre te in tuto.  
O quid solutis est beatius curis ?  
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino  
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,  
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.  
Hoc est quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.  
  
Salve o venusta Sirmio atque hero gaude ;  
Gaudete vosque o Lydiae lacus undae ;  
Ridete quidquid est domi eachinnorum.

## SIRMIO.\*

(*On returning from foreign parts.*)

O SIRMIO ! fairest jewel in mine eyes,  
Of all the headlands that the sea runs round,  
Or sweet lakes bosom—how my heart doth bound,  
To see again thy lawns and woodlands rise

Upon my vision ! After all my toil  
In foreign lands—Bithynia's sultry plain  
Scarce left—to think, O joy ! that once again  
I should be here upon my native soil !

At ease ! O gnerdon sweet ! when, after wars,  
With journeyings and vigils sore bestead.  
Our own old home we come to, and the bed  
So often longed for under alien stars.

This is the recompense for all our pain ;  
Here may the mind lay by its load of care ;  
Search the world over, nothing can compare  
With what we feel in coming home again.

Hail, lovely Sirmio ! and do thou rejoice  
To greet thy master and his happy chance.  
Ye Tusean waves, with all your ripples dance !  
And laagh, old home, with every heart and voice !

\* Now Sirmione, on Lago di Gar'a.

## LXXVI.

Siqua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas  
Est homini, cum se cogitat esse pium,  
Nec sanctam violasse fidem, nec foedere in ullo  
Divum ad fallendos numine abusum homines,  
Multa parata manent jam in longa aetate, Catulle,  
Ex hoc ingrato gaudia amore tibi.  
Nam quaecumque homines bene cuiquam aut dicere  
possunt  
Aut facere, haec a te dictaque factaque sunt ;  
Omnia quae ingratae perierunt credita menti.  
Quare cur te jam a ! amplius excrucies ?  
Quin tu animum offiras atque istinc te ipse reducis,  
Et dis invitis desinis esse miser ?  
Difficile est longum subito deponere amorem.  
Difficile est, verum hoc qualubet efficias :  
Una salus haec est, hoc est tibi pervincendum,  
Hoc facias, sive id non pote sive pote.

## SOLILOQUY OF CATULLUS

ON BREAKING OFF HIS CONNECTION WITH "LESBIA."

IF to a man the reckoning o'er  
Of gentle deeds may pleasure give,  
Of that, methinks, there lies in store  
Enough to last me while I live.

If honest vows, faith without stain,  
Life lavished, love without repine,  
Have savour sweet, there should remain  
Sweet from this bitter love of mine.

What was undone that love could do ?  
What was unsaid that love could say ?  
Perish regret ! nor still renew  
The worthless story of a day.

Worthless and heartless ! let it go.  
Ah ! why should anguish count again—  
When strength could give release from woe—  
The bitter reckoning of her pain ?

'Tis hard to lay aside at will  
The love of years,—and yet, I trow,  
What men erewhile have borne may still  
Be borne, though hard, and shall be now.

Borne, ay, and done—done, whatsoe'er  
The pain of doing. Here, for me,  
Lies the sole refuge from despair,  
And end of all this misery.

O di, si vestrum est misereri, aut si quibus unquam  
Extremam iam ipsa in morte tulistis opem,  
Me miserum aspicite et, si vitam puriter egi,  
Eripite hanc pestem perniciemque mihi.  
Heu ! mihi surrepens imos ut torpor in artus  
Expulit ex omni pectore laetitias !  
Non iam illud quaero, contra me ut diligat illa,  
Aut, quod non potis est, esse pudica velit :  
Ipse valere opto et taetrum hunc deponere morbum.  
O di, reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea.

Oh, but in pity—if for pain  
Pity may touch immortal minds—  
Grant me, kind Heavens, to win again  
Ease from this wasting woe, which winds

Its weight about me. Grant but this,  
If recompense for faith be due,  
Only to know again the bliss,  
Of healthful days, which once I knew.

Not that she love me, or forbear  
Of shame the brimming cup to fill—  
Black ne'er was white, foul is not fair,  
And filthy will be filthy still.

I ask not that—that ne'er can be—  
Enough if, while the years remain,  
I may look up and know me free  
To live, and to be well again.

## CI.

MULTAS per gentes et multa per aequora vectus  
Advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias,  
Ut te postremo donarem munere mortis  
Et mutam nequicquam alloquerer cinerem.  
Quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum,  
Heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi,  
Nunc tamen interea haec prisco quae more parentum  
Tradita sunt tristes munera ad inferias,  
Accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,  
Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.

## AT A BROTHER'S GRAVE.

HOMEWARDS, a traveller, from many lands returning,  
I greet thee, brother, only at thy grave,  
To thy dumb ashes telling o'er, in accents burning,  
Those rites, 'tis said, departed spirits crave.

All that I can—with tears—the words our fathers  
taught us—  
Which borne afar, like sound of sea-rocked bell,  
Perchance may reach thee on those sad and lonely  
waters,  
Longed for, though late—a brother's last farewell.



S A P P H O

Φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἵσος θέοισιν  
 ἔμμεν ὄνηρ, ὅστις ἐναντίος τοι  
 ἴξανει, καὶ πλασίον ἀδυ φωνεύ-  
     σας ὑπακούει  
 καὶ γελαίσας ἴμερόεν, τό μοι μάν  
 καρδίαν ἐν στήθεσιν ἐπτόασεν·  
 ὡς γὰρ εὗιδον βροχέως σε, φώνας  
     οὐδὲν ἔτ' εἴκει·  
 ἀλλὰ καμ μὲν γλῶσσα ἔαγε, λέπτον δ'  
 αὐτικα χρῶ πῦρ ὑπαδεδρόμακεν,  
 ὀππάτεσσι δ' οὐδὲν ὅρημ', ἐπιρρόμ-  
     βεισι δ' ἄκουαι.  
 ἀ δέ μ' ἵδρως κακχέεται, τρόμος δὲ  
 πᾶσαν ἄγρει, χλωροτέρα δὲ ποίας  
 ἔμμι, τεθνάκην δ' ὀλίγῳ πιδεύης  
     φαίνομαι ἄλλα.

## SAPPHO'S SONG.

LIKE to the gods he seems to me,  
Yea, happier than the gods to be,  
The man who, sitting at thy feet,  
Hears thy soft voice and laughter sweet ;  
Which leave me breathless—for, if I  
But see thee, all my senses fly ;  
Words fail me, and, bereft of sound,  
In sudden bands my tongue is bound ;  
About my flesh, through that desire,  
Courses a subtle, searching fire,  
Nothing I see, with horrid din  
My throbbing ears resound within,  
The dews of passion drench my brow  
And all my trembling body now,  
Paler than leaf of aspen grown,  
Like one from whom all life has flown.

Ποικιλόθρον', ἀθάνατ' Ἀφρόδιτα,  
 παῖ Δίος, δολόπλοκε, λίσσομαι σε,  
 μή μ' ἄσαισι μῆτ' ὄνιαισι δάμνα,  
 πότνια, θῦμον·  
 ἀλλὰ τυῖδ' ἔλθ', αἴποτα κάτέρωτα  
 τᾶς ἔμας αὐδῶς ἀτοισα πήλυι  
 κλινεις, πάτρος δὲ δόμον λίποισα  
 χρύσιον ἥλθες  
 ἄρμ' ὑποξεύξαισα· κάλοι δέ σ' ἄγον  
 ὥκεες στροῦθοι περὶ γᾶς μελαίνας  
 πύκνα δινεῦντες πτέρ' ἀπ' ὡράνω αἴθε-  
 ρος διὰ μέσσω.  
 αἰψα δ' ἐξίκοντο· τὸ δ', ὃ μάκαιρα,  
 μειδιάσαισ' ἀθανάτῳ προσώπῳ,  
 ἥρε', ὅττι δηῦτε πέπονθα κόττι  
 δηῦτε κάλημι,

## SAPPHO'S HYMN TO APHRODITE.

GODDESS immortal ! from thy throne afar  
If ever thou didst heed thy suppliant's cry,  
And on her plaintive sorrowings didst turn  
A pitying eye ;

Hear me, and hither, from thy bright abode,  
Let the faint longings of my eager string  
Draw thee, and win thee, lady, for my heart  
Some balm to bring.

Not in thy terrors, not in all thy power,  
For awful art thou whom all things obey,  
Clothed in all colours, heart and throne alike,  
Of Night and Day ;

But hither come, as when, in gentle state,  
Thy team of sparrows drew thy glittering car,  
Round the dark earth, with frequent fluttering wings,  
From heaven afar.

Quickly they came ; and thou, O blissful one !  
Bending upon me those immortal eyes,  
Didst smile, and ask me why I called, and why  
Those tears and sighs ?

κόττ' ἔμῳ μάλιστα θέλω γένεσθαι  
 μαινόλᾳ θύμῳ· τίνα δηῦτε Πείθω  
 μαῖς ἄγην ἐς σὰν φιλότατα, τίς σ', ὁ  
 Ψάπφ', ἀδικήει;  
 καὶ γὰρ αἱ φεύγει, ταχέως διώξει,  
 αἱ δὲ δῶρα μὴ δέκετ', ἀλλὰ δώσει,  
 αἱ δὲ μὴ φίλει, ταχέως φιλήσει  
 κωνκ ἐθέλοισα.

ἔλθε μοι καὶ νῦν, χαλεπᾶν δὲ λῦσον  
 ἐκ μεριμνᾶν, ὅσσα δέ μοι τέλεσσαι  
 θῦμος ἴμέρρει, τέλεσον· σὺ δ' αὖτα  
 σύμμαχος ἐσσο.

And what it was that this poor heart of mine,  
Distracted thus, did most desire to be—  
“ Whom lov’st thou, Sappho? Who, to love unkind,  
Is wronging thee?

For though he fly thee, yet shall he pursue,  
And, for those gifts his coldness doth deride,  
He shall bring others, ay, and love for love,  
For all his pride.”

Come then in such wise, and, if ere thine ear  
Leaned to the soft complainings of my lyre,  
Fulfil my longing, and achieve me all  
My heart’s desire !



## MISCELLANEOUS

ἢ ὥσπερ Σαπφώ, ὅτι τὸ ἀποθνήσκειν κακόν· οἱ θεοὶ γὰρ οὕτω κεκρίκασιν· ἀπέθνησκον γὰρ ἄν.

—*Arist. Rhet.* ii. 23.

[As Sappho says, that to die is an evil; for so have the gods judged it; otherwise they would have died.]

## LINES ON A FRAGMENT

DEATH is not sweet—ah, did not, long ago,  
One sing that, were death sweet, the gods would  
die,  
And yield amid their blissful company  
Place for the presence grim that reigns below?

Death is not sweet, nor sweet the tears that start  
Through stress of sorrow from reluctant eyes,  
When falls the stroke, and severed are the ties,  
Which love and duty bound about the heart.

Bitter is death, and bitter is the day,  
That brings the burden of the nevermore,  
For him who leaves us weeping on the shore,  
And may not tarry, and for us who stay.

Ay, death is bitter ; but, on healing wings,  
There are who wait the Dayspring to arise,  
And take from aching hearts and weary eyes  
The weight of tears that flow for mortal things.

## ARCHILOCHUS.

Οὐ φιλέω μέγαν στρατηγὸν οὐδὲ διαπεπλιγμένον,  
οὐδὲ βοστρύχοισι γαῦρον, οὐδὲ ὑπεξυρημένον,  
ἀλλά μοι σμικρός τις εἴη, καὶ περὶ κνήμας ἵδεῖν  
ροικὸς, ἀσφαλέως βεβηκὼς ποσσί, καρδῆς πλέος.

## WANTED A GENERAL!

WANTED a general ! Fancy men,  
With strapping limbs, need not apply,  
Nor fellows who appear at ten,  
Crimped, shaved, and manicured by Guy ;  
Short, tough, and bow-legged, spare in every part,  
We'd like our man, except, of course, his heart.

[NOTE.—In the following literal translation it may be interesting to see a soldier's idea of a general 2600 years ago :—

“I like not a big general, nor a long-shanked fellow (*lit.* standing or walking with the legs apart), nor one who is proud of his fine hair, nor one who is very excessively shaved ; but for me let him be of small size, and slightly bow-legged to look at, walking firmly (*lit.* safely) on his feet, full of heart.”]

Οὐκ ἔθανες, Πρώτη, μετέβης δ' ἐς ἀμείνονα χῶρον,  
 καὶ ναίεις μακάρων νήσους θαλίῃ ἔνι πολλῇ,  
 ἔνθα κατ' Ἡλυσίων πεδίων σκιρτῶσα γέγηθας  
 ἄνθεσιν ἐν μαλακοῖσι, κακῶν ἔκτοσθεν ἀπάντων·  
 οὐ χειμὼν λυπεῖ σ', οὐ καῦμ' οὐ νοῦσος ἐνοχλεῖ,  
 οὐ πεινῆς, οὐ δίψος ἔχει σ' · ἀλλ' οὐδὲ ποθευὸς  
 ἀνθρώπων ἔτι σοι βίοτος· ζώεις γὰρ ἀμέμπτως  
 αύγαις ἐν καθαραῖσιν Ὁλύμπου πλησίον ὅντος.

[UNKNOWN.]

## AN EPITAPH.

Ah ! tell us not that in the grave,  
A bride of Death, our darling lies ;  
Far out beyond the western wave  
To fairer fields her spirit hies.

A blessed company she knows,  
With brave delights her heart is glad,  
There where the lily and the rose  
Fade not, nor cometh aught that's sad,

Or evil. There no winter's rage  
Harms her, for her heat scorcheth not,  
Hunger and thirst, decay and age,  
Sorrow and pain are all forgot.

Of human love she needs no store,  
A better lot to her is given,  
Who without blame for evermore  
Dwells in the holy light of heaven.

[NOTE.—The primitive simplicity of Greek feeling appears in this epitaph. The following is a literal translation :—

“Thou art not dead, Proté, but thou art gone to a better place, and dwellest in the islands of the blessed

among much festivity (good cheer); where thou art delighted while gambolling (skipping like a roe) along the Elysian plains amongst soft flowers, far from all ills. The winter pains not thee;\* nor does heat nor disease trouble thee; nor hunger nor thirst possess thee; nor is the life of man any longer regretted by thee; for thou livest without blame in the pure radiance of Olympus, which is near.”

\* Compare Shakespeare in “*Cymbeline*”—

“ Fear no more the heat of the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,” &c., &c.]

## HOMERIC DAWN.

Lo, at the curtained threshold of the east,  
The gentle Dawn appears with quiet feet,  
And, at her coming, every bird and beast,  
That slept upon the earth, awakes to greet  
Her beauteous presence. From his wave-washed bed  
The drowsy God of Day looks up to see  
His fair handmaiden, while about his head  
Await him all the chiding Hours. But he  
Oft, for his pleasure, loves to linger there,  
And weave about her fantasies of light,  
Or sport awhile and wanton with her hair;  
Whereat she blushes, and a world grows bright;  
And brighter, as, to chase the Hours that flee,  
The laughing god comes leaping from the sea.

## TO A PAINTER.

IF you would paint my lady's hair,  
Go bid your faithful Ariel bring  
The blackness from the raven's wing,  
The lustre from the ebon rare.

Mix those together, still you'll fail,  
Unless the Night, her aid to lend,  
Implored at darkest hour, will send  
A shadow from the sleeping dale.

## THE OLD GUIDE.

(*As a Greek might have written it.*)

OLD Hans, who finds his day is done,  
And that no more the heights he'll scale,  
That walking now where others run,  
His feet must linger in the vale,

His lantern, sachel, pic,\* and ropes  
Has hung upon a votive wall,  
And down the last descent he hopes  
To find his way without a fall.

[NOTE.—The custom here referred to was prevalent among the Greeks. Cf. "Anthology," *passim*. Thus : Polycrates hangs up his hammer, pincers, and tongs to Vulcan, through whom, by frequent beatings on the anvil, he found for his children abundance and drove away miserable poverty.

Another dedicates his bow and arrows, another his spear, after ceasing from war, or the strength of life having failed.

Pan has offered up to Bacchus his crook and fawn-skin, having forsaken the revels of that deity through

\* Ice-axe.

love; for he is in love with Echo and is wandering about. But do thou, Bacchus, be kind to him, who is labouring under a common misfortune !

A child has hung up to Hermes his pleasant-sounding ball, his rattle, the dice of which he was so madly fond, and his whirling top, the playthings of his youth.

Callimenes, being no longer able to see, offers up his writing materials to the Muses. So, likewise, an old fisherman his net to Neptune, and a traveller his felt hat, the symbol of his wayfaring life, to Hecate (deity of roads).

And (to give one more illustration) the tippler, Xenophon, has offered thee up, O Bacchus, an empty cask. Receive it favourably, for he has nothing else !

## THE OLD GUIDE.

(*A Modern Version.*)

WHAT shall remain when all the race is run,  
And listless hands have drooped on aching knee?  
When, spite of doing, nothing has been done,  
Or done, seems nothing of what still should be—  
What shall remain?

What shall remain when, through the dying glow,  
The shrunken ashes of the past appear,  
And, as the flame burns lower and more low,  
The mounting shadows grow to things of fear—  
What shall remain?

And what, at length, when faltering footsteps grope  
The last lone way, and strength is bowed to pain?  
Surely the dream, the bright, far-beckoning hope  
Of clearer consummation shall remain—  
Shall still remain!

## AN ANTIQUE.

YOUTH betimes with Fancy wed—

    Ho, dear delight !—

Strewed him roses for his bed—

    Ha, fond delight !

'Neath a canopy of green

He was king and she was queen,

Brighter pair ne'er was, I ween—

    Ho, fond delight !

Birds for them the livelong day—

    Ah, fair delight !—

Tuned a merry roundelay—

    Ha, sweet delight !

And when Phœbus left the sky,

From the woods the night-owl's cry

Was their crooning lullaby—

    Ha, soft delight !

Jove, who envies mortal bliss—

    Ah, frail delight !—

Envied happiness like this—

    Ah, brief delight !

Sent a cloud and spouts of rain,  
Broke their pretty bower in twain,  
They may never kiss again—  
Ah, lost delight !

## A SUMMER IDYL.

SEE where the moon  
Rides in the azure blue,  
The delicate, shy moon,  
A waif of down upon a summer sea,  
While the long, golden afternoon  
Slopes slowly westward, lengthening every tree  
Upon the sward, where full-breathed cattle feed  
Through all the flowery mead.

Now sinks the sun  
Adown the flaming west,  
And, one by one,  
Stars open winking eyes that hid their light,  
Whilst owls and flitting things, that shun  
The garish day, come forth to greet the night,  
Which, now the tale of one more day is told,  
Steals over field and fold.

## ENVOY.

*To L. N. GUILLEMARD and F. S. PARRY.*

(1887-1897.)

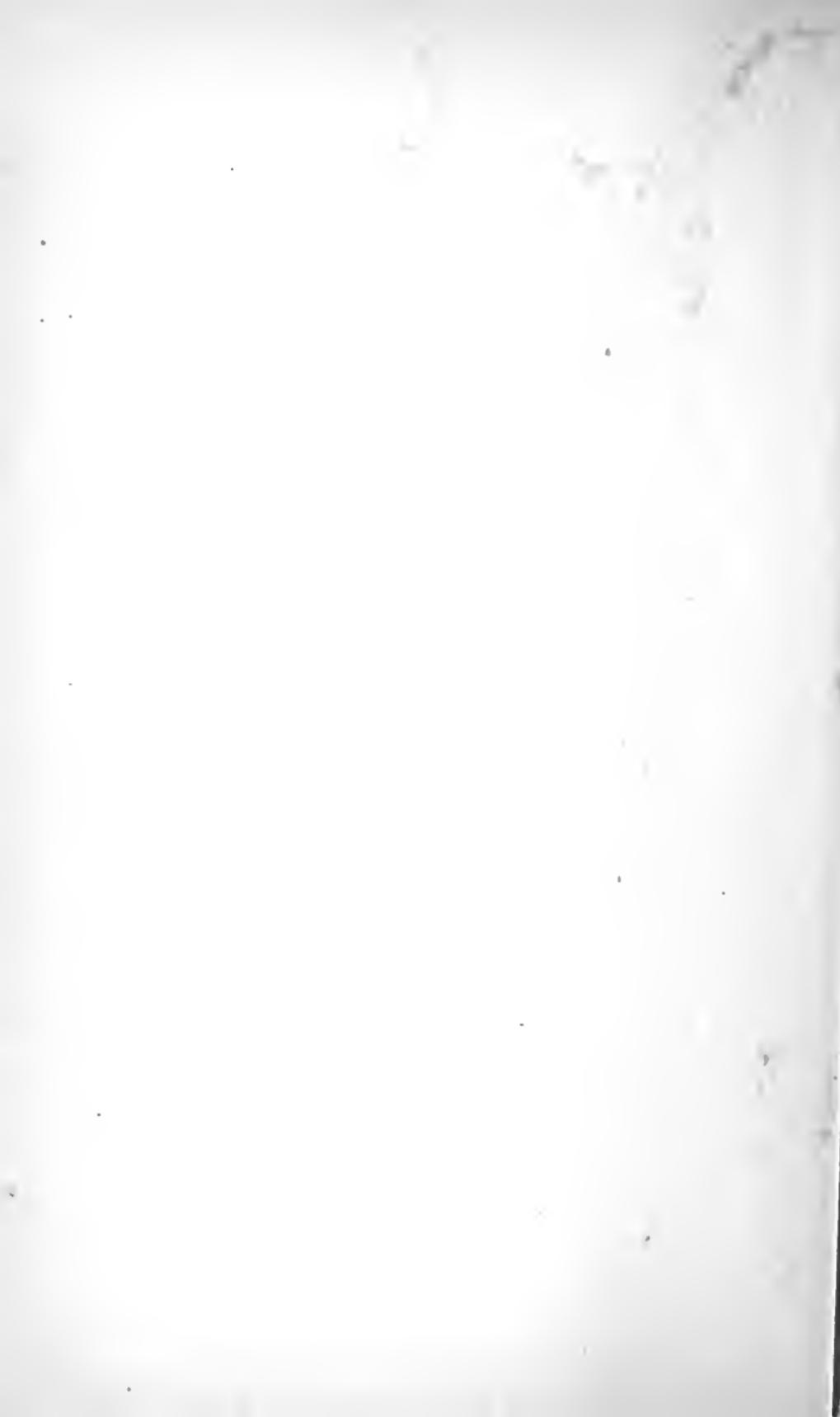
FRIENDS of old days, though many suns have set,  
Since that great summer blessed our youthful prime,  
Glad were I if, for you, in fancy yet  
Its classic glories lingered in my rhyme ;

Like those long lights, which, 'neath o'erarching skies,  
We saw together climb from cloud to cloud,  
Where to cool waters, far from London's cries,  
Our Thames allured us from the madding crowd.

And though upon our lot, united yet,  
The changes of ten summers hold their sway,  
The fact sometimes 'tis pleasant to forget,  
In idle memories of an earlier day.

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